Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I enuie not thy glory,
To feede my humor, wiſh thy ſelfe no harme.
Dut. Glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me I followed *Henries* courſe,
When the blood was ſcarſe waſht from his hands,
Which iſſued from my other angell husband,
And that dead ſaint, which then I weeping followed,
O, When I ſay, I lookt on *Richards* face,
This was my wiſh, be thou quoth I accurſt,
For making me ſo yong ſo old a widow.
And when thou wedſt, let ſorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy Wife if any be ſo badde
As miſerable by the death of thee.
As thou haſt made me by my deare Lords death,
Loe euen I can repeate this curſe againe,
Euen in ſo ſhort a ſpace, my womans heart
Croſly grew captiue to his hony words,
And prou'd the ſubiects of mine owne ſoules curſe,
Which euer ſince hath kept mine eyes from ſleepe,
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
Haue I enioyed the golden dew of ſleepe,
But haue bene waked by his timerous dreames,
Beſides he hates me for my father *Warwicke*,
And will ſhortly be rid of me.
Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I pitty thy complaints.
Dut. Glo. No more then from my ſoule I mourne for yours
Qu. Farewell, thou woefull welcomer of glory.
Dut. Glo. Adue poore ſoule thou takeſt thy leaue of it.
Dut, Yor. Go thou to *Richmond* & good fortune guide thee
Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels guard thee,
Go thou to ſanctuary, good thoughts poſſeſſe thee,
I to my graue where peace and reſt lie with me,
Eighty old yeares of ſorrow haue I ſeene,
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The trumpets ſound, Enter Richard crowned, Buckingham, Catesby, with other Nobles

King. Stand all a part. Couſen of *Buckingham*,
Giue me thy hand: *Here he aſcends his throne.*

Thus

Thus high by thy aduice
Add thy aſſiſtance is King *Richard* ſe
But ſhall we were theſe honours for a
Or ſhall they laſt and we reioyce in th
Buc. Still liue they, and foreuer may
King. O *Buckingham* now I doe pla
To try if thou be currant gold indeede
Yong *Edward* liues: thinke now wha
Buc. Say on my gracious ſoueraigne
King Why *Buckingham*, I ſay I wou
Buc Why ſee you are my thrice reno
King. Ha: am I King? tis ſo, but *Ed*
Buc. True noble Prince.
King. O bitter conſequence,
That *Edward* ſtill ſhould liue true nob
Couſen thou wert not wont to be ſo
Shall I be plaine I wiſh the baſtards
And I would haue it ſuddainly perfor
What ſaieſt thou? ſpeake ſuddenly, be
Buc. Your grace may doe your plea
King. Tut, tut, thou art all yce, thy k
Say, haue I thy conſent that they ſha
Buc. Giue me ſome breath my Lor
Before I poſitiuely ſpeake herein:
I will reſolue your grace imediatlie.
Cat. The King is angry ſee he bites hi
King, I will conuerſe with iron witti
And vnreſpectiue *Boyes*, none are fo
That looke into me with conſiderate e
Boy, high reaching *Buckingham* grow
Boy. Lord.
King. Knowſt thou not any whome
Would tempt vnto a cloſe exploit of
Boy. My Lord, I know a diſcontente
Whoſe humible meanes match not his
Gold were as good as twenty Orator
And will no doubt tempt him to any t
King. What is his name?
Boy. His name my Lord, is Terrill.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22320) LONDON, 1629 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.52)